

Cult Leader

The world without me
is the space in this room.

I dress as a dog every morning
as if shaking off a collision
the whip in my mouth.

The light shines brightly—
what new land is this?
It is not I who inhabit the suit but the suit that inhabits others.
I hide my real hound underground
give her
a man's name
so I can hear her howling.
Each day I become the dog I can abandon.
Nothing can stop me.

A conduit for money
I give alms eat cake
which deprives others of bread.
I throb from their touch
surrendering for a moment to the kindness of a mask
afraid of children afraid of their voices, too.

At night, I whisper to my hound
I tell her:
when you are born
you ride off fall off
or steal.